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Mr. FERGUSON'S LAMENTATION, FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ASSOCIATION AND The Good Old CAUSE.

LONDON,
Printed for *J. Smith.* 1683.

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Che good old Cauſe.

This is the Cry of the Saints, Woe unto us, for our Cauſe is Confounded.

TO make any prelude for the unfoulding the Words, will be unneceſſary; Becauſe they do naturally divide themſelves into theſe Four Parts,

Firſt, Here is a cry heard; and that is, *Woe unto us.*

Secondly, Who they are that make this Lamentation; it is, *the Cry of the Saints.*

Thirdly, For what it is they thus complain; it is, *the Diſtreſs of their Cauſe.*

Fourthly and Laſtly, It ſhews the utmoſt extream to Incite this Woe, *their Cauſe being Confunded.* As the Words in General do render themſelves; *This*, &c.

It will be therefore neceſſary for me, for the eaſier explanation of my Text.

First, To enquire, *who those Saints are?*
Secondly, *In what their Holineſs Conſiſts?*
Thirdly, *What their Cauſe is?*
And Fourthly, *Why, and how Confounded?*

My Beloved, The Saints meant in my Text; are we, whoſe Sanctity have made us your Paſtors, your Teachers, your Infallable Guides: Therefore I ſhall ſtrive to ſhew you, why, and wherein we Merit this Glorious Title.

First, For our Diligence, and Laborious Toyl and Care, we have always taken, to Preach *Sedition*, to promote Faction, to create *Schiſm*, to trample on Honeſty, and to be the Ring-Leaders of Rebellion.

Who appeared ſtaunch, and were more endeared to, then we, on the chuſing of Burgeſſes and Parliament Men? Who led you, (the Rabble) by the Noſe into the Field, but we? Nay, did we not inſtruct you to expand your Lips, and with the Bellow of your Voices to Cry, in the Name of the Lard, a *Waller*, a *Waller*; becauſe he was the Branch of a *Seditious* Tree? VVho taught you to Cry, No *York*, No *York*, No Popiſh Succeſſour, but we? VVe, by the Holineſs of our Schiſmatical Doctrine, ſow'd in you that Seed of Rebellion, which made you Factiouſly appear in Heards at Publick Bonfires in the City, nay, and Subburbs too, Crying up the Illigittimate Right of a Diſobedient Murdering Rebellious Traytor, (as it appears at this Day.)

Guarding your Bonfires with your Cornuted Heads; Goading all Honeſty with the Horns of your Spurious Loyalty, and does not this Merrit a Corruſcation? Nay, have we not Inſtructed and Taught your VVives, that Procreation is an Eſſential Part of their Creation; and have we not with a great deal of Care put the Doctrine home

home to them; and so Imprinted it in their understandings, that they make it their daily Practise, least they should forget it? So that most of your Children are Sanctified Babes. I say, as 'tis the Kings Right to Govern, so 'tis our Business, to Sow in you all the Seed of Rebellion, that our Party may be strengthened; and this is really, and truly, as I have said our Business, our Daily Practice; and if so, what can be a greater Token, or more significant Sign of a Saint?

I think I have by this shew'd you, what, and who, is meant by the *Saint* of my Text.

Secondly, I shall farther Discover wherein our Holiness Consists.

It is to have our Prayers, without Form, or Sense; To Blaspheam that Deity, who Teaches Rules contrary to our *Practice*; to turn out the Bishops and possess our selves of their Estates. To have no Counsellours, but whom we approve of; to have no Lord Mayor, but of our chusing, to have no *Sheriffs* but of the Ignoramus Tribe, to have a Charter, a greater favourer of Rebellion then the former; to Disband the Kings Guards, to have the Melitia in our Hands; to make choice of what Parliament Men we please; to have no Lords but of our Creating, except those already of our Party, who were to head us; To make Riots upon all occasions without being called to an Account for it, or any Distress made upon our Estates: To remove Honesty from the Court, and the King from his Kingdoms.

In short, Interest is our Aim, Rebellion is our Doctrine, Hipocracy is our Cloak, Murders our Intention, Religion we have none, and the Devil is our Master.

I think I have made it very Conspicuous to you, who the *Saints* are meant in my Text, and wherein their Holiness Consists.

Secondly, I am to ſhew you what the Cauſe is.

It is as old as *Cain* the firſt Murderer; but very much improved, having many accurſed Branches that naturally flow from it: One is ſwearing Loyalty to your lawful *Prince*, with a Digeſted Intention to break it the firſt opportunity. Another is ſome Poetical *Scribl*ers to Amuſe the Rabble with Seditious Pamphlets. A Third is to make *Diviſion* in Families, by which means ſome of e'm are fitted for our *Soul Saving* Deſigns. Many more there are, but I ſhall only Inſiſt upon theſe Three.

Bethel, VVhen choſen Sheriff of *London*, ſwore to be Juſt in his Office, and I think he was not *Perjur'd*: Swore to be Loyal to his King, who dares ſay he was otherwiſe. He ſtood to the Cauſe in the Reign of Ignoramus, but when Juſtice ſucceeded, he prudently withdrew.

Sir *Patience Ward*, was Lord Mayor of *London*, and ſo Swore to be ſincerely Loyal to his Soveraign, I do not ſay he was perjur'd by breach of that Oath, but 'tis ſhrewdly ſuſpected he was Perjur'd ſince, and all to Support the Cauſe, *Our Poor Diſtreſt Cauſe*.

Perjury, Like all other Sciences, Improves by often Practice; Nay, In theſe our late Bleſſed times, it was become a Trade. And had not our Zealous City, by their too Officious Care of our Reeling Cauſe, forfeited their Charter, I believe wou'd have become an Incorporated Company, the Number of whoſe Members might have Challeng'd the Honeſty of all the Society within the Walls to equal their Proficients. I ſay, it is the Fundamental Point, on which Hinges all our Intentions; for Honeſty among us, is like a Thorn in the Foot, which muſt be drawn out and caſt away, leaſt it ſhould make our Cauſe to Hault or go Lamely.

Perjury,

Perjury is as absolutely necessary to the support of this our *Cause*, yea it appertains as properly, Nay it goes along hand in hand with it, and no more to be divided from it, then Honesty from Loyalty, Justice from Equity, or Kingly Government from Monarchy. This is the first Branch of the *Cause*, our once happy *Cause*, tho' now a little out of Countenance.

Secondly, As for Seditious Scribes, Poetical Block-heads that have Hearded amongst us, under the Banner of our Pur-blind *Cause*, how can I enough Rejoyce and Lament, for their distress'd Condition. *Ogg*, stands stifly, to our Party, Nay he Spits Defiance, not only in the Face of his Lawful Soveraign, his Makers Vicegerent; but in the Face of the King of Kings; 'Tis no wonder he should be against Monarchical Government here, when, (by his daily Blasphemies) he denies there is any such Power hereafter, & as he Toyles with his Furnished Body & unfurnished Head for a *Common-wealth* here, so he deserves it hereafter, a Kingdom is not his Aim. This is a True Member of our *Cause*, tho I know, as Persecution now is following us, he has not Courage enough to persevere unto the End, *Doeg*, unhappy *Doeg*! How shall I find Tears enough to Lament thy Ruin'd Fate, thy Pyball'd Condition; cou'dst thou not stand without the help of thy Patron, that *Aldersgate-street* Rebel, and thy Friend. Why dost thou make a Hault now? if there be Truth in our *Cause*, that *Cause* for whose sake thou show'dst thy self a Traytor and a Villain, why dost thou Swerve from it? has the *Green Ribbain Club* deserted thee? Has the Forbidding *Burning the Pope* Impov'rish thee? could not the *Character of a Popish Successour* support thee? Would not thy Little, Shallow, Nonsentical Splenatick Railing, againg thy Rightful Prince, and the undoubted

doubted Heir to the Crown Maintain thee; Didſt thou think our *Cauſe* lying in a Languiſhing Condition wou'd ſtarve thee? Alas poor *Doeg*? Thou art neither Loſt, nor Found. The *Couſe* thou haſt deſerted will never more own thee, and the Loyal Party will ſcarcely ever reſpect thee. Therefore thou art in a worſe Condition then the *Salamanca* Dr. who as thou ſayeſt has two Perches from his Lodging to *Amſterdam Coffee-Houſe*, and from thence home again, But thou art Thruſt out among the Wild Heard; for if there be Men of ſence of our Party, they'l not ſuffer thee, and the Royaliſts will ſay once a Villain and never more to be truſted, & ſo Adue poor deſpicable *Doeg*. We have many more of theſe unnatural writers, the Scum of the Poetical Tribe of our Party; but in deed they are ſuch Shallow Monſters, they are below Contempt, Yet theſe are ſome of the Engins of our *Cauſe*.

The 3d. Branch is deviding of Famelys; that is often our private Doctrine, our Inſinuating buſineſs. Firſt, we Riggle our ſelves, by the Cants of our Function home to their Tables, there many times we meet with a Rebellious *Son*. That is, one who will be Loyal, tho' his Parents are never ſo Great Sticklers for the *Cauſe*, he by our advice is caſt off, Diſinherited, and left deſtitute of any help except he returns home again, which is very ſeldome known, for his ſence, and Honeſty above his ſuppos'd Parent gives him a more perſing Eye to ſee through the Chriſtal Covering of our foul deſigns. Another *Son* Brother, by the Mother, is a true Lump of the old Leaven, he is ſo Educated and blinded with our Principles of *Nonconformity* to all Lawful Authority, that he ſhall rather ſee his Brother Starve then Releive him, Nay he is Inſtructed by us, that it is a Meritorious Act to Cut him off privately, which is the Princi-

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ple of us the *Presbiterian Jesuites*, Nay we press it upon them that he is predestinated to fall by the hand of his Brother; Yea, this is my Doctrine, and I have known many just ready to starve, and have had no Relief from any of their Rebellious Season'd Relations, and this you ought to persevere in, if you will be true Servants to the *Cause*.

But I have often been consulting within my self, how they should come to be so Loyal, being the Off-spring of a Sanctified Tribe. At last I found 'twas this, The Loyal Party (out of pure Revenge) had been Mowing in our Meddows, Grafting on our wild Stocks, from whence proceeded this good Fruit, and yet by our Practical Doctrine of Enocculating, which is our daily Business with the Sisterhood, I wonder how they can require the Grafts of the Sons of *Belial*: but as 'tis our Study and Practice to Sow in them all that *Antichristian Seed* of Sedition, and never think we take pains enough to promote Rebellion; so their Insatiate Appetites are always Ravening and never satisfied.

Nay, to enable us to a faultless performance: How do the Sister-hood Rob and Pillage their White Liver'd Husbands, not only of Money, but Vessels of VVine, of all sorts, which they send to us. Sack, for Posset to strengthen the Outer-Man, and other VVines to Exillerate the Inner-Man, and put the Blood upon a Ferment fit for Action. And after Exercise, both Spiritual and Temporal, what Care is taken by the Holy Sisters in Rubing us down with their Zealous Napkins, Drying up the Sweat our Violent Performance has put us in. Then they come with Cavvdles and Jelly-Broaths, to Renevv the Panting loss of Decaying Nature.

Their Daughters are brought up from their very Cradles

dles to our natural Endowment Hippocracy: And by that time they come to Climb up the Hill of their Twelve Years, they have obſerved ſo much lewdneſs under the Cloak of *Sanctity*, (by being daily Auditors, at our Canting Orations in our Brothel-houſe meeting places of Abomination) that they become ſo Zealously Impudent to outdoe their Mothers, in their Brutiſh Carnallity. And this we have a Fellow feeling of, for it is all by our Advice.

And when we, the Saints and Brother-hood, have Cloy'd our Appetites, that they became Pall'd for want of Freſh Food, a match is made up by a peice of Mony to a weak Member of Annarchy, that Cuckoldome, Fornication and Adultery may never depart from the *Cauſe*. And after they are Joyned together according to our Matrimonial Form, the Brother-hood, with the Siſters; of the ſame order of Concupiſence, have a meeting at the Houſe of the new United pair. And when we have Cram'd our Carcaſſes, and by it ſtrengthened our Imaginations, (that as the Bee who has been gathering Hony from the Flowers, returns to the Hive to Eaſe it ſelf of its burden) ſo we require the Siſter-hood to take off the Edg of our Appetites. For which we find Conveniencies enough in ſome by Appartment of the ſame Habitation. Then after a Loud *Pſalm* in a Front Rome, that the Neighbour-hood may take notice of our Zeal and a Blaſphemous Prayer, (as we call it) to Sanctifie the Bride and Bridegroome to each other, we leave him in ſearch of what we have depriv'd him, and return to our own houſes of iniquity. Nay I have known a married Brother of our Opinion that has been Railing againſt the Loyal party for a ſlip of Nature, when the Conſtable at the ſame time have been at his Door with a Warrant

to

to carry him to the next Justice of Peace for having a Bastard, which he has been compeld to keep.

But to our further proceedings we have the Presidents of the Late uncivil Civil strife from Forty One to Forty Eight, and the same Path was, and is our Present Rode.

Their Father Fought against Son, and Son against the Father, Brother against Brother, the Nephew against the Unkle, dipping their Hands in one anothers Bloud. In those times to be Parrasides was, called by us the *Saints* of the *Cause*, to be the purer sort of Christians, it was in part the Aim of our Doctrine, and yet this was nothing to the rest of our design, 'tis but a slender part of our Religion. For, from Parrasides, we became Regicides, Dipping all our Hands in the Bloud of the King, and as that was preached up by the *Saints* then, for a Righteous deed, so 'tis our Doctrine now, to follow the Steps of our fore Fathers, tho' our Machinations at present are a little out at Elbowes, and this is really the *Cause*; that very *Cause* for which we Labour, Bloud. Yea to be Bloudy Murderers, to be Paracides, to be Regicides. I think I have shewed you that our *Cause* is from *Cain* the first Murderer, he slew his Brother, and for that, was Banish'd into the Land of *Nod*, but where can we expect to go, who Barberously Murdered our King, our Sovereign, the Anointed from above. But to prevent a further Thought in any one of us to such another Act, and to make some slender Satisfaction for the Innocent Bloud already Spilt. Were *New England* Wall'd round with Brass, after our Banishment thither, that no Gate, Port, or any Place of Retreat could be made from it, and the whole Land become like (*Mount Ætna*) a Consuming Flame, that we might pass at one Sacrifice. Then

Quiet, Peace, Union, and Continual Concord might Inhabit the Earth. But till that happens, it is no more in our Power, to Alter our Natures, (though the Mercy of the King should forgive us) then to Create our selves Angels of Light.

Fourthly, and *Lastly*, I am to shew you why, and how, our *Cause is Confounded*. The late past Transactions were too Fresh in the Memory of Men, and we were treading too near on the Heels of our late sharp Edged Murdering Times.

Ah, my beloved Brethren, we should have had a little Patience till the Remembrance of things had been blotted out, or at least, so forgotten, that the Tract of our Rebellion, might not have been Traced so close. But the blessed Practice we had in the time of our *Dagon Oliver*, the Earthly God of our *Cause* (though I must confess *Belzebub* is the Spiritual Deity that we Worship) had Innur'd our Hands so to Bloud and Rapin, that the Vacancy we had from the Restauration of the King to the beginning of this our late hopeful Conspracy, had almost made us forget our Trade, for indeed it is the Trade that we live by. Therefore the Zealous Fingers of our Profession had an Itching Inclination to be in Action, and I beleive we may (without Blaspheming our Deity *Belzebub*) lay the blame at his Door, for putting us so Untimely, and pushing us forward so Early upon this Plot, that he might have our Company the sooner in that Region of Darkness where he Inhabits. For the Substance of our Religion (as we call it) tells us, that for our Party there will be no other Place of abode.

Which Place we have dearly Merrited by our Frequent Protestations to Roote out all goodness by our Numerous, Oaths to Lop of the Head off Loyalty. By our Sacramental

mental Covenanting, to pluck down Religion, and ſet up Antichriſtian Practices, By entring in a large Aſſociation, to Dethrone the King, and ſet up a Poppular Idol, which we Worſhip till our Turne is ſerved, and then as the Glow Worm at the Aproach of Day looſes his Light; So ſhall the Mock Majeſty of this Pagent Prince (by the Rable that Raiſed him) looſe his Power, but upon this diſcovery, it is loſt, before it was gained. Our Aim is to have all things in Common, to have the Power in the People. Our Teaching is not for Peace, Union, Love, Charity, Concord, and Everlaſting Happineſs; but Wrath, Diſſenction, Envy, ſelf Ends, Diſcord and Eternal Howleings, there will be our Center. By this you may eaſily conceive, the ſtrong Foundation our *Cauſe* is built upon. The Mudwal Bales, whereon the Column our Bru-tiſh Religion is Founded.

The Sandy Road of our ſenſeleſs undertakings, Each Loyal Blaſt will Diſperſe and Puff to nothing, as Indeed it has, and left us bare, without the leaſt covering to hide he ſhameleſs nakedneſs of our Ill Principl'd, Diabolical deſigns. It hath an Ill ſavour in the Noſtrils of Men, and is become like the Stench our Corrupted Carkaſs will make, when expoſed to the Eye of Honeſty on a Gibbet (the Standard of our *Cauſe*) to Conſume in view of the World for a Terrour to Offenders. By this I beleive you plainly perceive what is like to be the End of our *Cauſe*, that it hath not only Confounded it ſelf, but it has brought ſhame, and Confuſion to us, who have long been Votaries to its Rebellious Shrine.

Some few words by way of Application, being a ſhort (but ſerious view) of the whole, and I ſhall releaſe your Patience.

Firſt, Follow the Example of the *Saints*, I have diſcribed

cribed to you, which (in short) is to be Turbulent, Sawcy, Rebellious, Ireligious Rogues. Stifle your Consciences (whose Liberties you cry out for) till they become harder then *Addamant* to Resist all Motions of Grace. For you find there is not one Grain of Grace, or Scruple of Honesty, the least mote of Honour, or *Atom* of Purity, in the Character of us your Refin'd Pastors. The Channel that we Swim in, is Corrupt, and Muddy, and when we have stird the Filth, we leave you to Wallow in it, till the Eye of your reason is so blinded by the Mire of our Doctrine, that you cannot perceive the Brink of the Precipis our Cause is brought too, but run Head-long on till you fall together, as it is at this Day. For the *Pleasure* you took in making Bonfires, as you did upon several Occasions, when it was Forbid by your Governours, (but perticularly that on the Rescue of our Champion from the Hands of Justice, by the Flaming Consciences or Red Hot Zeal of our *Bethell* Plekt Perjurers,) you have certainly merrited the Pleasure of an Eternal Flame. Where you shall Broile till the Fat of your Pamper'd Bodies, or Seditious Cram'd Carkasses, become an Addition to the Comfortable warmth you are sure to Enjoy. Your Treasonable *Practices*, like so many Snakes shall twine themselves about you, till your Thin Drawn Carkasses, and Meagar Complexioned Visiages, put Envy out of Countenance, your Throats, the Tub, or speaking Trumpet, that used to Beleh, and Ball Treason here, shall (to keep it self in Action) be Blaspheming, and Cursing your Tap Companion there. This I say is to Encourage you to go on with the same violence you did, before our Hellish Contrivances were brought to Light, that Justice may give you your Reward, and you may be Damn'd betimes.

For

For if you are true to what you have *Sworn*, you will all of you Spur your Race Horſe Conſciences to be firſt at the Gole. But firſt, or laſt, Aſſure your ſelves from me, that Common-wealth *Prize* will be all your Reward.

Beloved Siſters, In the Frailty of the Fleſh, beſure you go on; let not Reaſon be your Guide, but all that Woman prevailing Looſneſs, in which you have hitherto liv'd; May Oppertunity always preſent it ſelf to you, and by your careful Mannage let it be Improved to a Superlative Degree. May a Venerial Diſtemper Inhabit all your Earthly Tabernacles; And as *Cain* had a Mark whereby he was known, ſo may the Marks of your Faces become a Token to be avoided by the Sons of Men. May all your Spurious Off-ſpring be ſlaviſh Tankerd-bearers to the Loyal Party, and let this Inſcription, on Braſs, be the Badg of their whole Race: This is the Reward of a Diſloyal Iſſue.

As Murder, To be Bloudy Murderers, is the only Aim of our Religion, therefore do not ſlacken your Pace, ſo long as 'tis Matter of Conſcience, and the true Principle of our known Oppinion; for if you ſhould chance to be taken by the Hands of Juſtice, and carried into Tribulation, that is, to Priſon, (as no doubt you will) and from thence to an Impartial Trial; where not a ſevere, but a deſerving Sentence will be paſt upon you; which is, only to have your Bodies and *Souls* ſeperated by the Hands of a Dexterous Executioner. I ſay, though all this happens, yet ſuffer with Patience: Conſidering it is your Religion has drawn it upon you, and you are going to poſſeſs your ſelves of an Impartial Reward. You do well to Abſcond for a time, that you may appear Proclaim'd Traitors, that all the World may be ſencible of the

the Juſtice you Flie from, and 'twill make the *Cauſe* at your Examination the plainer underſtood, that much Breath may not be ſpent in your Guilty Defence. Conſidering how little time you will have to Survive the Diſcovery of your Damnable Deſigns, and you may chance to want it, when you come to make your Confeſſion at the place of Execution.

Bethel, Is brought to Nought, ſo my Beloved, it is feared, all of You (upon the Diſcoverie of our well contrivd Conſpiracie) will be brought to a ſhameful End. Except You have any *Salamanca* Diſciples that have taken their Degrees for Perjurie, vvill come and Svvear you off: but it muſt be by ſome nevv found vvay yet unheard of. For Dr. *Oats* Courſe of proceedings, will (by the Law) be no more believ'd, then the Sanctity of his Life, can be ſuppos'd (without a true Confeſſion and ſincere Repentance) to ſave his Soul at the Day of Reſurrection.

Had not Sir *Patience Ward* been bauck'd by the Equity of the Law, for his known Accompliſhment, and natural Endowment of Perjury. Now had been a good time, to have imployed his Tallent in Redeeming of you from the Sentence of Death, for Treaſon and Murder.

Can you not procure ſome of *Oggs* Witches by a Summons from *Lancaſhire*, to carry you croſs the narrow Seas, to eſcape this Perſecution.

Solicite him, for he is one of our Party, and ought if he can, Aſſit you (in Gratitude for your Pentions to him) to lend you his help.

Or trie to call back *Doeg*, your Black-headed Scribler, which it is not to be doubted but you may eaſily do, for he has not made Diſcovery enough to be entertain'd by the Loial Partie. And let him contrive ſome Engin, by Fire-

Fire-works to Convey you in a Blaſt to *Holland*, the known place of Reception, for all ſuch Rebellious Traitorous Villains.

Diviſion, and Separation, is our Heavenly *Manna*, for as one fed the Bodies of the Children of *Iſrael*, ſo theſe feed the Souls of us, the Sons of Perdition: we can no more live without it in this Wilderneſs of our Savage Rebellious Murdering Principles; then *Tigers* almoſt famiſhed would Refuſe the Innocent Lamb, left as a Prey to their Ravening Jaws. VVe have Abandoned all Remorſe, ever ſince the Murdering of the late King, and it is not in our Natures to be reclaimed, therefore I ſay perſevere till the Sword of Juſtice cut you off; which now follows you cloſe at the heels, though we could not expect but Confuſion would overtake us, yet we little Dreamt it were ſo near our Doors.

We are forced to Abandon our Habitations, and betake our ſelves to Caves and uninhabited Denns, and they begin to Moulder upon our Heads; and we muſt out, for the Lion is Rowzed, which has ſlept long in Innocent Securitie, and we cannot now be kept Secret from his Juſt Anger. Therefore I ſhall conclude all with a hearty Prayer for you.

May the Bleſſing of Adverſity alwaies perſue you; May you become the Scorn of the whole World; May your Conſciences be as ſharp as the Stings of Adders; May Reſt be nothing to you but Dreams of Halters, and Axes; May a continual Plague of Diſquiet always haunt you; May your Bodies Conſume one Grain a Day, and the Pain more Intollerable then the ſharpeſt Hunger. Or at leaſt, May you become *Baſſalisks* to one another, that your Eyes may be Poiſonous to the whole Partie, and you may Kill each Man his Traiterous Companion with a Look

a *Look*, till you come and Surrender your ſelves to Juſtice; And then may you Diſcover every Tittle of your Horrid Conſpiracie; And may the Law Sentence you all to a ſhameful End. Then to Crown all, May your Deaths Eſtabliſh the Throan of the King in Peace for ever; And may no Traiterous Conſpiracie, ever put it out of the right Line, ſo long as Truth and Juſtice Inhabits the Imperial Throan of *Heav'n Amen.*

FINIS,

26041